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POETICAL TRIFLES.

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By * * * * *

Quant à la gloire, ami, tant de fots sous mes yeux
 Courent en foule après son ombre !
 Quitte à n'attraper rien, je veux courir comme eux.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BATH:

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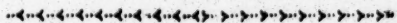
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POETICAL TRIFLES.



THE DUKE OF BENEVENTO.

A T A L E.

IHATE a prologue to a story
Worse than the tuning of a fiddle,
Squeaking and dinning :
Hang order and connection,
I love to dash into the middle ;
Exclusive of the fame and glory,
There is a comfort on reflection
To think you've done with the beginning.

And so at supper one fine night,
 Hearing a cry of Alla, Alla,
 The Prince was damnably confounded,
 And in a fright,
 But more so when he saw himself furróunded
 By fifty Turks; and at their head the fierce Abdalla.

And then he look'd a little grave
 To find himself become a slave,
 And thought the Corfair rather in a hurry,
 Out of all rules,
 To make the Duke of Benevento curry,
 And take care of his mules:
 But as 'twas vain to make a riot,
 Without grimace,
 Or a wry face,
 He gave a shrug, and rubb'd his mules in quiet.

It would have been great sport
 To all the puppies of the court
 To view these changes, and disasters;
 But their enjoyments
 Were damp'd by certain slovenly employments,
 Not more amusing than their master's.

But

But who can paint his grief,
 Who can describe the transports of his sorrow,
 When he beheld Almida's charms
 Conducted to Abdalla's arms,
 And saw no prospect of relief;
 But that the blooming maid,
 By cruel destiny betray'd,
 Must no more triumph in that name to-morrow.

Not understanding what he said,
 Seeing him caper like an antic,
 And tear his hair, and beat his head,
 The Eunuch wisely judged him to be frantic.

But she, the lovely cause of all his care,
 Darting a look to his enraptur'd soul,
 Might soften e'en the madness of despair;
 Bade him his weak, unmanly rage controul,
 Each favouring opportunity improve;
 And bade him dare to hope, and bade him dare to love.

The Corsair in a transport of surprise,
 When he beheld Almida's sparkling eyes,
 Her faultless figure, her majestic air,
 The graceful ringlets of her auburn hair,

That twin'd in many a fold to deck,
Not hide the dazzling whiteness of her neck ;
The various charms her flowing robe reveal'd,
While fancy whisper'd to his throbbing heart
Each nameless beauty, that well-judging art,
To fix the roving mind, had carefully conceal'd.

“ O Mahomet! I thank thee,” he exclaim'd,
“ That to thy servant thou hast given
“ This bright inhabitant of heaven ;
“ To gild the progress of his life below,
“ For him this beauteous Houri fram'd ;
“ Enjoyment I have known, but never lov'd till now.”

Then with a smile
Might ev'n a Stoic's heart beguile,
The fair one with a little flattery
To his charm'd ears address'd her battery.

“ Still may my Lord (said she) approve
“ The happy object of his love,
“ Then when Almida fues,
“ Let not Abdalla's heart her first request refuse :
“ Deign to suspend but for three days
“ The progress of your amorous flame,

“ And

“ And to console my heart for these delays,
“ Grant me two small requests that I shall name.

“ The first is to desire,
“ If you incline,
“ Five hundred lashes for two friends of mine,
“ And just as many for a Fry'r;
“ The next a litter, and two mules,
“ The heavy hours of absence to amuse,
“ Besides a Muleteer that I shall chuse,
“ At my disposal, subject to my rules.”

So said, the culprit knaves appear,
Upon each rascal's pamper'd hide
The stripes are in due form applied,
Which done, she chose
You may suppose
Her lover, for her Muleteer.

Then with a voice sweet as an angel's song,
While Tancred with attentive ear
In silent rapture stoop'd to hear,
The Beauteous Maid the silence broke,
Conviction follow'd as she spoke,
And truth, and soft persuasion, dwelt on her enchanting tongue.

" With grief those scenes unwilling I disclose,
 " Whence every error, each misfortune rose;
 " When pleasures of the lowest, meanest kind,
 " Unnerv'd your feeble frame, and check'd the progress of your mind.
 " In vain your people's curses, or their tears,
 " Your heart assail'd,
 " Two flattering knaves had charm'd your ears,
 " And Raymond vainly counsel'd, or as vainly rail'd;

 " He was your father's friend, wise, honest, brave,
 " Him you displac'd,
 " And listening to the malice of a slave,
 " The Guardian of your Crown was banish'd, and disgrac'd.

 " Me too you lov'd, and I approv'd the flame
 " In hopes my counsels might have weight,
 " To prompt you to redress the state,
 " And save from infamy your sinking name.

 " But soon your Confessor, the crafty Priest,
 " Rage, hate, and malice, rankling in his breast,
 " With timorous scruples fill'd your wavering mind,
 " In vain each finer feeling strove
 " To guard your heart, and court it to be kind,
 " While haggard superstition triumph'd over love.

" But

“ But justice still pursues betimes,
“ E’en now, for she directs the hour,
“ The Priest, and the vile partners of his pow’r,
“ Feel vengeance overtake their crimes.

“ The Turks unnotic’d march, last night’s surprise,
“ The foe unthought-of thundering at the gate,
“ At length have clear’d your eyes,
“ Their treacherous negligence is found, is felt too late.

“ No more of this unpleasing strain,
“ If thinking, acting like a man ;
“ Reform’d by slavery’s painful chain,
“ Virtue within your breast resume her reign,
“ Inspire your thoughts, and guide your future plan,
“ My heart will still be your’s : e’en Raymond too
“ Still loves his Prince, to him repair,
“ Confess your faults, his aid demand,
“ The gallant veteran waits but your command,
“ To spread his conquering banners to the air,
“ To sacrifice his life with you,
“ Or rescue and relieve his native land.

“ Abdalla claims my promise in three days.

“ Think then on me,

“ Dan

“ Danger and death attend delays,
“ Be virtuous, be daring, and be free.”

The Lady's sermon was a little long,
Not but she talk'd both well and wittily,
And then she look'd so prettily,
Her eyes excus'd the freedoms of her tongue.

For when a favourite mistress speaks,
We always think her in the right,
E'en though she talk for days, or weeks,
Or in the middle of the night.

To say the truth her speech was rather rough,
But as she promis'd him her heart,
Upon the whole he took it in good part,
And as he lov'd her, lik'd it well enough.

So thank'd her for the good advice,
And took his leave, and ere he went,
By way of compliment,
Call'd her his guardian angel, his sweet tutor,
And kiss'd her fair hand, once, or twice,
And swore to be a good boy for the future.

In short it was so settled ; the third night,
 By good luck too 'twas dark as hell,
 Tancred with Raymond and a chosen band
 Surprise the guards, who in their fright
 Make but a shabby stand,
 And enter at the gates pell-mell.

Mean time Abdalla, snug in bed,
 Finding Almida staid away so long,
 Suspecting there was something wrong,
 Look'd out ; and found his troops were kill'd, or gone,
 Himself a prisoner, and alone,
 And Tancred reigning in his stead.

And now the fore-back'd scoundrels in a trice
 Came kindly with their counsels, and advice,
 Proposing as a pious work
 Just to impale
 Or stick a hedge-stake through the tail
 Of the poor Turk.

Indignant fury flash'd from Tancred's eye—

“ Ye vile corruptors of my youth,

“ Ye foes to honour, honesty, and truth,

“ Hence from my sight, nor offer a reply :

“ If

“ If the third day
“ Within the limits of this state
“ Disclose your stay ;
“ Not e’en Almida’s self shall save you from your fate.

“ Go, brave Abdalla, to your native shore,
“ From sloth, from vice, from infamy,
“ Your kind instructions and assistance
“ Have haply set me free ;
“ Thanks for your visit, pray return no more,
“ Let us be always friends, but at a distance.

“ And now, my better angel, whose kind care
“ The mists of error from my sight dispel’d,
“ Burst the vile fetters that my reason held,
“ Restor’d fair wisdom’s gentle sway,
“ Guided my steps to her, and pointed out the way ;
“ Now, while my people’s eager voice,
“ And Raymond too confirms my choice,
“ O come, my heavenly fair !
“ Ascend, adorn, and bless my throne ;
“ Still with that cheering influence preside,
“ My life, my future conduct guide,
“ Inspire my raptur’d heart, and make it virtuous as your
“ own.”

SONG.

S O N G.

PRITHEE sweet fair one, why so coy ?

Hence with that frown of cold disdain,
Beauty like thine was form'd for joy,
And mirth and gentleness should fill thy train;
Let meaner Beauties study to give pain,
'Tis nobler far to build, than to destroy.

Tune then thy heart to gentle love,
With smiles my fondest vows receive,
Each anxious care shall far remove,
To love and mutual joys alone we'll live,
Joys only heavenly charms like thine can give,
Joys only constant hearts like mine can prove.

— RACES.

- - - - - R A C E S.

A B A L L A D.

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,
But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
To paint this charming, heavenly fair,
And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
With lovely shapes, and angel faces,
But I have seen them all out-done,
By this sweet Maid, at ——— Races.

Lords, Commoners, alike she rules,
Takes all who view her by surprise,
Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,
Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

Her

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
 Unspoil'd by art, or modern dress,
 But gently tapering by degrees,
 And finely, "beautifully less."

Her foot—it was so wonderful small,
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
 The buckle fairly hid it all,
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,
 Where many an eye did often glance,
 Sweetly retiring from the view,
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance ;

Two slender ankles peeping out,
 Stood like Love's heralds, to declare
 That all within the petticoat
 Was firm, and full, "and round, and fair."

And then she dances—better far
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
True as the echo to the sound,
She seems, as through the dance she skims,
To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inspire
The clay-cold breast of Apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips
Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses,
And there his heavenly nectar sips,
And there in breathing sweets-reposes.

And there's such musick when she speaks,
You may believe me, when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her, than the squeaks
Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the soft blush of modesty.

Had

Had I the treasures of the world,
All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
(Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to found her praise,
And hammer them into a Sonnet.

And if she deign one charming smile,
The blest reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
But pity the dull 'Squires, my neighbours.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE Chapel Bell with hollow mournful sound,
Awakes the Fellows, slumb'ring o'er their fires,
Rous'd by the custom'd note, each stares around,
And fullen from th' unfinish'd pipe retires.

Now from the Common-Hall's restriction free,
The sot's full bottles in quick order move,
While gayer coxcombs sip their amorous tea,
And Barber's daughters soothe with tales of love.

Through the still courts a solemn silence reigns,
Save where the broken battlements among,
The East wind murmurs through the shatter'd panes,
And hoarser ravens croak their evening song.

Where

Where groan yon shelves beneath their learned weight,
Heap piled on heap, and row succeeding rows,
In peaceful pomp, and undisturb'd retreat,
The labours of our ancestors repose.

No longer sunk in ceaseless, fruitless toil,
The half-starv'd student o'er their leaves shall pore,
For them no longer blaze the midnight oil,
Their sun is set, and sinks to rise no more.

For them no more shall Booksellers contend,
Or rubric posts their matchless worth proclaim,
Beneath their weight no more the press shall bend,
While common-sense stands wondering at their fame.

Oft did the classics mourn their critic rage,
While still they found each meaning, but the true ;
Oft did they heap with notes poor Ovid's page,
And give to Virgil words he never knew ;

Yet ere the partial voice of Critic scorn
Condemn their memory, or their toils deride,
Say, have not we had equal cause to mourn
A waste of words, and learning ill applied ?

Can none remember?—yes, I know all can—
 When readings against different readings jarr'd,
 While Bentley led the stern scholastic van,
 And new editions with the old ones warr'd.——

Nor ye, who lightly o'er each work proceed,
 Unmindful of the graver moral part,
 Contemn these works if as you run, and read,
 You find no trophies of th' engraver's art.

Can Bartolozzi's all-enrapturing pow'r
 To heavy works the stamp of merit give?
 Could Grignion's art protract Oblivion's hour,
 Or bid the Epic rage of Blackmore live?

In this lone nook, with learned dust bestrew'd,
 Where frequent cobwebs kindly form a shade,
 Some wonderous legend, fill'd with death and blood,
 Some monkish history, perhaps is laid.

With store of barbarous Latin at command,
 Though arm'd with puns, and jingling quibble's might,
 Yet could not these sooth Time's remorseless hand,
 Or save their labours from eternal night.

Full many an Elegy has mourn'd its fate,
 Beneath some pasty "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd;"
 Full many an Ode has soar'd in lofty state,
 Fix'd to a kite, and quivering in the wind.

Here too perhaps, neglected now, may lie
 The rude memorial of some antient song,
 Whose martial strains, and rugged minstrelsy,
 Once wak'd to rapture every listening throng.

To trace fair Science through each wildering course,
 With new ideas to enlarge the mind,
 With useful lessons drawn from Classic source,
 At once to polish, and instruct mankind;

Their times forbade: nor yet alone repress'd
 Their opening fancy; but alike confin'd
 The senseless ribaldry, the scurvy jest,
 And each low triumph of the vulgar mind.

With Griffiths, Langhorne, Kenrick, and the tribe*
 Whom science loaths, and scorn disdains to name,

C 3

To

* The Critical Reviewers.—The others are the London and
 Monthly.——Note of the Editor.

To snarl unpaid, or soften'd by a bribe,
Smear with vile praise, and deem their daubing fame,

— Their humbler science never soar'd so far,
In studious trifles pleas'd to waste their time,
Or wage with common-sense eternal war,
In never-ending clink of monkish rhyme.

Yet were they not averse to noisy fame,
Or shrink reluctant from her ruder blast,
But still aspir'd to raise their sinking name,
And fondly hoped that name might ever last ;

Hence each proud volume to the wondering eye
Rivals the gaudy glare of Tyrrel's * urn,
Where Ships, Wigs, Fame, and Neptune, blended lie,
And weeping cherubs for their bodies mourn.

For who with rhymes e'er rack'd his weary brain,
Or spent in search of epithets his days,
But from his lengthen'd labours hop'd to gain
Some present profit, or some future praise.

Though

* Vide Admiral Tyrrel's monument, in Westminster-Abbey.

Though folly's self inspire each dead-born strain,
Still flattery prompts some blockhead to commend,
Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath not toil'd in vain,
Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath as dull a friend.

For thee, whose muse with many an uncouth rhyme
Dost in these lines neglected worth bewail,
If chance (unknowing how to kill the time)
Some kindred idler should enquire thy tale;

Haply some antient Fellow may reply——

- “ Oft have I seen him, from the dawn of day,
“ E'en till the western sun went down the sky,
“ Lounging his lazy, listless hours away ;
“ Each morn, he sought the cloister's cool retreat,
“ At noon, at Tom's he caught the daily lie,
“ Or from his window looking o'er the street,
“ Would gaze upon the travellers passing by.
“ At night, encircled with a kindred band,
“ In smoke and ale roll'd their dull lives away ;
“ True as the College clock's unvarying hand,
“ Each morrow was the echo of to-day.

“ Thus

" Thus free from cares, and children, noise, and wife,
 " Past his smooth moments ; till by fate's command,
 " A lethargy assail'd his harmless life,
 " And check'd his course, and shook his loitering sand,

 " Where Merton's towers in Gothic grandeur rise,
 " And shed around each soph a deeper gloom,
 " Beneath the center aisle interr'd he lies,
 " With these few lines engrav'd upon his tomb : "

T H E

E P I T A P H.

Of vice, or virtue void ; here rests a man
 By prudence taught each rude excess to shun ;
 Nor love nor pity marr'd his sober plan,
 And Dulness claim'd him for her favourite son.

By no eccentric passion led astray,
 Not rash to blame, not eager to commend,
 Calmly through life he steer'd his quiet way,
 Nor made an enemy, nor gain'd a friend.

Seek

Seek not his faults—his merits—to explore,
But quickly drop this uninformative tale,
His works—his faults—his merits—are no more,
Sunk in the gloom of dark oblivion's veil.

SONG.

S O N G.

HITHER ye sighing lovers, ye fond swains,
 Who chaunt in piteous, sentimental strains,
 Of slighted vows, and female perjuries ;
 Hence with your sighs, your unavailing tears,
 Your jealous pangs, vain doubts, and groundless fears ;
 Who hear you—scorn ; who pity you—despise.

For howsoe'er disguis'd by fraud, or art,
 Meer mortal, giddy creatures still at heart,
 Women admire, caress the bold, the brave ;
 But whine, and fawn, and cringe—though for an hour—
 The haughty Goddesses exert their pow'r,
 And spurn with insolence the kneeling slave.

Then

Then when the common rant of flames and darts,
And wounds, and torments, racks, and bleeding hearts;

When these are calmly heard, or fail to move,
With eager ardour clasp her tempting charms,
The smiling fair will melt into your arms,
Crown all your toils, and grant you love for love.

THE COCK AND THE HORSES.

A F A B L E.

'T WAS long, ay very long ago,
But when, or where,
I don't exactly know,
And if I did, perhaps you would not care ;
A Cock, a lazy, listless spark,
Chancing to faunter up and down,
Much like a soldier in a country town,
Or just as you
Or I might do
In Bond-street, or the Park.
Whether the Devil,
The author of all evil,
As I judge,
Owed him a grudge,
Or that benighted,

Or

Or otherwise miss'd
 By his own foolish head,
 Howe'er it was, he lighted
 All in a barn, 'mongst hunters, hacks,
 And many a coach-horse, taller, larger
 Than a militia Major's charger ;
 Greys, chestnuts, sorrels, whites, bays, blacks,
 Not tied, or fasten'd up to racks,
 But fideling, capering about,
 Like chattering dowagers at a rout ;
 And round and round the creatures danc'd,
 Snorted, and flung, and plung'd, and pranc'd,
 Making the damndest noise and pother,
 Kicking and biting one another :
 Mean time our Cock by these huge Beasts surrounded,
 And like some luckless dog of a Reviewer
 Surpris'd by angry bards, and sure
 Of being kick'd to death, or miserably pounded,
 Though not a little in a fright,
 Yet thought it best,
 Perhaps too he was in the right,
 To strut, and crow,
 And give them a Bon-Mot,
 And tickle up their fancies with a jest,
 Before he bade the world good night.

My

My friends, said he, whose graceful education
 Hath kept you from prophaner home-bred courses,
 And who have still maintain'd the reputation
 Of gentlemanly, well-bred horses,
 Though I should be extremely proud
 In such good company to pass my life,
 Yet as I hate a croud,
 Worse than a smoaky chimney, or a scolding wife;
 Permit me to propose,
 That like the incidents in modern plays,
 We each pursue our different ways,
 Nor rudely tread on one anothers' toes.

THE HEATHEN SYSTEM.

A VERY MORAL TALE.

IF, as our weary steps we bend,
Through life's dull journey, to our end,
Pleasure still hovering in our view,
The phantom flies as we pursue;
Let us, amid this state of grief,
Of hopes, of fears, of cares below,
In fancied blessings seek relief,
From the sharp pangs of real woe.

Time quickly flies, why should we waste
A serious thought on moments past,
Or cloud with unavailing sorrow
The flattering prospects of to-morrow?
Enough for us, if fancy's ray
Brighten the visions of to-day,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with our follies, we'll despise
The sober miseries of the wife.

Oh! how I love the heathen system,
It beats all others beyond odds;
Sure every Miss had run, and kiss'd 'em,
Could they have seen those charming gods;
For still they found each other joy
Would quickly tire, would quickly cloy;
Woman alone was ever new,
Tho' true, 'twas strange,—tho' strange, 'twas true:
Examples I could give you plenty,
But one may serve as well as twenty.

Jove, as the antient Poets tell us,
Oft by his freaks made Juno jealous,
Nay, scandalous reports have said,
That whether widow, wife, or maid,
Or black, or fair, or young, or old,
Or easy temper'd, or a scold,
Or fat, or lean, or short, or tall,
He found a something in them all.

Yet,

Yet still, to gain Amphitryon's bride,
 In vain his every art he plied,
 At length her husband's form he tried :
 Her Husband's !—start not, gentle dame,
 'Twas then no very odious name ;
 Husbands, few ages then had past,
 Were sometimes fond, wives sometimes chaste.
 But whether, by his shape deceiv'd,
 The incautious fair his tale believ'd,
 Or whether she in private knew
 The false Amphitryon from the true,
 And, as I rather apprehend,
 Wink'd at the change, and took his friend ;
 Suffice it, all in order went,—
 The lover pleas'd, the wife content.

I own, indeed, 'twas somewhat odd
 She found no difference in the God ;
 For Jove, to get the business done,
 Combin'd three winter's nights in one ;
 Three nights in mutual joys they past,
 Each night more blissful than the last,
 And curs'd the hours that flew too fast.
 Three nights, you say ? Why faith that's true,
 'Twas more than mortal man could do,

Yet,

D

But

But for a God, you know—Agreed.
Well, to my story I proceed.

Miss Danaë, by guards secur'd,
Was in a brazen tower immur'd;
But, as an author of great fame
(I can't just recollect his name)
Has somewhere said, who seeks to bind
By force, or fraud, a woman's mind,
With locks, and bolts, and bars, and chains,
But gets his labour for his pains.

So Jove, who each expedient knew,
Soon forc'd his easy passage through;
In heavy Shower of potent Gold
His soft, prevailing tale he told,
And, by his aid, the yielding fair
Soon blest'd her father with an heir.

Next, for no pleasures could he see,
Except in sweet variety,
Beneath a Swan's soft plumes conceal'd,
His glowing passion he reveal'd;
Flutt'ring he sought fair Leda's breast,
The Fair the beauteous bird caress'd!

Trembling,

Trembling, with well-dissembled fear,
 He seem'd to seek for shelter there ;
 Then twin'd him round her snowy charms,
 And found his heaven in her arms.

Next, in a milk-white Bull's disguise,
 At fair Europa's feet he lies ;
 Borne on his back she quits the shore,
 And trembling hears the hoarse waves roar ;
 To be at sea, a-pick-a-pack,
 Riding upon a white bull's back,
 Was droll enough ; but 'twas more odd
 To see the Bull chang'd to a God !

Her tongue in vain prepar'd to chide,
 Her smiling eyes her tongue bely'd ;
 Pity began her heart to move,
 His fault was only—too much love.
 What could she do ?—no succour nigh,
 No friend to help, no foe to pry ;
 Jove gain'd his pardon, and, 'tis said,
 Found all his trouble overpaid.

Now, as a parson in the pulpit,
 Who long has teas'd you with his dull fit,

Yet wisely knowing dinner nigh,
 Contracts his sermon, to apply,
 In pity to your heads, I'll try,
 Like epilogues to modern scenes,
 To tell you what my story means.

'Tis this——In spite of cynic rules,
 And all the moral cant of schools,
 If, in the web of life intwin'd,
 Some mingled threads of love we find,
 O let unskilful hands forbear,
 Left with rude touch the work they tear,
 And wound some kindred virtue there.

Not with the cumbrous farce of state,
 The splendid dulness of the great,
 Not in the stern, unsocial hour
 Of gloomy pomp, or friendless pow'r,
 Nor with wisdom's empty name,
 Nor in heaps of hoarded treasure,
 Nor 'mid the "dangerous paths of fame,"
 Dwells the fleeting nymph—coy Pleasure.
 Love, love alone true joys can give,
 " 'Tis only when we love, we live."

L'AMOUR

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

TO ———.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

D 3

ABSENCE.

AMOUR

A B S E N C E.

A N E L E G Y.

THE gairish sun-beams slowly fade away,
The dew-drop hangs upon the moisten'd rose,
Soft twilight thinly spreads her mantle grey,
And brings to patient poverty repose.

But not on me the night's still shades bestow
Peace or repose; while banish'd from thy sight,
I brood in silence o'er my secret woe,
And count the day's slow hours, and live-long night.

But thou, for whose dear sake unheard I grieve,
Say, does my Delia deign one thought on me?
That gentle softness sure could ne'er deceive
The faithful heart that throbs alone for thee.—

No,

No, my foul's treasure, thou art good as fair !
 Forget, forgive thy lover's frantic fear ;
 Who doats, adores thee,—yet, with jealous care,
 Starts ! and beholds some happier rival near.

O, dearer far than fortune, fame, or friends,
 Dearer than life, than health, than liberty ;
 Reflect, that on thy will alone depends
 All of my future blifs, or misery.

Believe these heart-felt sighs, these speaking tears,
 Pity the pangs of madd'ning jealousy ;
 And think, ah think, who never felt these fears,
 Has never lov'd—or never lov'd like me.

But oh ! my Delia, will thy tender care
 Dispel each doubt that clouds my anxious mind ?
 Say, will my Delia's lips again declare,
 That she is ever constant, ever kind ?

Yes, yes, they will :—e'en now, with kind concern,
 She chides the slow-pac'd loitering hours away,
 And gently blames her lover's slow return,
 And looks, and waits, and wonders at his stay.

Each air-form'd spectre anxious absence drew,
When fondly musing on thy heavenly charms ;
Malicious fancy to my tortur'd view
Gave those sweet beauties to another's arms.——

——One smile from thee shall give them to the wind ;—
My raptur'd heart, from storms of passion free,
Again adore thee, lovely, good, and kind,
Nor own another wish, when blest with thee.

S O N G.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms,
I muse in silence on her charms ;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

T H E

D E B T O R.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !
 O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd compassion's tribute to demand,
 With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,
 Wring the slow aid from pity's loitering hand,
 Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
 To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;
 The hand of pleasure strewed my path with flow'rs,
 And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But

But ah, how quick the change ! the morning gleam,
 That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
 Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
 And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below ;
 Fond hope a-while the trembling flow'ret rears ;
 'Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
 And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
 I trusted :—(who from faults is always free ?)
 And the short progress of one fatal day
 Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid ?
 To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
 Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
 Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

E'en he amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
 Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
 Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
 And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
 To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove ;
 While pale-eyed avarice, from his sordid stand,
 Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet swayed by decent pride,
 She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
 And faintly strove, with sickly smiles, to hide
 The canker worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
 Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave :
 Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
 And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r,
 O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom !
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

E P I T A P H.

YE chosen few of soft-ey'd pity's train,
Whose sympathetic tears unbidden flow,
Whose hearts re-echo to each plaintive strain,
And droop beneath the weight of others' woe,

Approach with reverence this sacred place :
Check not the sigh, nor stop the trickling tear ;
The trickling tear will not your cheeks disgrace,
For sweet Louisa's angel-form lies here.

HASTINGS.

H A S T I N G S.

SLOW roll'd the tedious hours of night away,
 While anxious honour watch'd the coming day;
 That awful day, from whose uncertain Fight
 Again should dawn fair freedom's heav'n-born light;
 Or slav'ry once more fix her galling chain,
 And blast each hope beneath a Norman reign:
 Doubtful, yet not despairing of th' event,
 (His faithful warriors summon'd at his tent)
 The gallant Harold, with the artless strain
 Of untaught eloquence, address'd his martial train.

" Friends! warriors! countrymen!—or if that name
 " Be dearer than the rest to virtuous fame,
 " Guardians of Albion!—From the iron hand
 " Of Norman William, and his ruthless band,
 " Freedom still ling'ring on her once-lov'd shore,
 " Ere yet her fleeting empire be no more,

" Calls

" Calls for your aid : O rouse your gallant train,
" Nor let the voice of freedom plead in vain.

" The Norman proudly chides the loitering night,
" Counts the slow hours, and with to-morrow's light
" Hurls on your camp defiance ; of the choice
" Of England's nobles, or her people's voice,
" Lightly he deems ; but, with presumptuous aim,
" On Edward's promise founds his shadowy claim.
" Vain argument ! Shall then, unseen, unheard,
" Our rights, our darling honours, be transferr'd,
" A sick man's legacy ?—If yet the fire
" Of antient virtue one firm breast inspire ;
" If yet the memory of their deeds remain,
" Nor fages toil'd, nor heroes bled in vain ;
" Dash his proud hopes, and bid the tyrant know,
" Who scorn'd the friend, may yet repent the foe.

" Rais'd by your chearful suffrage to the throne,
" To guard your rights, to vindicate my own,
" Your aid I claim ; prepar'd with you to share
" Each arduous task, each perilous chance of war :
" No higher prize, no brighter wreath I claim ;
" Our danger equal—equal be our fame.

" But

" But if, averſe our daring hopes to bleſs,
 " Fortune on William's arms ſhall ſtamp ſucceſs,
 " Ne'er from this field ſhall vanquiſh'd Harold fly,
 " My fate is fix'd, or death, or victory.

" Let cowards, funk in indolent repoſe,
 " Slumber through life, and wither as they roſe ;
 " To us a nobler ſtation is aſſign'd,
 " That as by birth the foremoſt of mankind,
 " The foremoſt ſtill where danger leads the way,
 " By brighter deeds we juſtify our ſway ;
 " Still bid around our brows freſh laurels bloom,
 " Nor date our honours from a father's tomb.
 " Hence then with each unmanly thought of fear,
 " To heaven itſelf is ſacred Virtue dear,
 " Superior to the cry of erring fame,
 " In victory, or ruin, ſtill the ſame ;
 " By fortune favour'd, or by fate depreſt,
 " Where Virtue is, that Virtue muſt be bleſt.

" Through toils, through dangers, undiſmay'd proceed,
 " And bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed ;
 " Whatever good, whatever ill betide,
 " This be our comfort, this our noble pride,

" No

“ No fordid purposes our swords shall stain,
“ No meaner views our sacred cause prophane ;
“ And while, disdainful of a foreign Lord,
“ In freedom’s cause we draw th’ avenging sword,
“ In life, in death, alike with glory crown’d,
“ We fall lamented, or we live renown’d.

“ What need of more ? See where the morning light
“ Chafes the envious clouds of tardy night ;
“ His rays are welcome : Here our conference ends ;
“ Each to his several charge ; farewell, my friends !
“ The foe approaches : Whatfoe’er th’ award,
“ Or death, or victory, we come prepar’d
“ With hearts resolv’d ; let each man do his best,
“ To heaven, and heaven’s high will submit the rest.”

He ceas’d. “ To arms,” (each maddening hero cry’d)
“ To arms, to arms, each echoing voice reply’d,
“ The foe approaches : Whatfoe’er th’ award,
“ Or death, or victory, we come prepar’d
“ With hearts resolv’d ; let each man do his best,
“ To heaven, and heaven’s high will submit the rest.”

E

Spirits

“ No

Spirits of Harold, and his godlike band,
 Who 'gainst stern William made your gallant stand,
 Who ne'er to tyranny bow'd the free head,
 But fought for freedom, and for freedom bled ;
 If from your heaven of heavens, where thron'd on high,
 Your shades enjoy their long-lov'd liberty,
 If not unmindful of your antient fame,
 These earthly scenes your patriot aid may claim,
 Watch o'er this realm ; in every breast inspire
 The generous sparks of your celestial fire,
 By your examples animate the brave,
 And guard that land your valour fail'd to save.

T H E

C H E L S E A P E N S I O N E R .

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches wave,
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,
A scanty turf with twisted osier bound
Scarce marks the spot, where buried honour lies.

Ah, what avails him ? that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore ;

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds !

How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own !
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no fable car,
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tear,
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honours o'er thine humble bier ;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging croud,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r ;

But with the chosen band, the manly few
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise——

——(Scorning

—(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)

Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though she, whose beauty's all-enchanting pow'r
Could every sterner care of life beguile,
Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening hour,
Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile,

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain :—

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd ;

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,
(Sad source from whence these tears of anguish flow)
Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wife,
I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe.—

—Deaf to the voice of pleasure, or of fame,
Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

PALINODE

P A L I N O D E

T O T H E

R E V I E W E R S.

I WHO of late, in many a slanderous ditty,
Burlesqued your prose, and parodied your verses,
With tears and trembling supplicate your pity;
Accept my penitence, forgive my curses.

Good, piteous Gentlemen, repress your rigour,
Untwist your bowels of commiseration,
Think on my tender years, and 'till I'm bigger,
Suspend the terrors of your dire damnation.

Long time with harmless Elegy content,
Pleas'd in that pretty path, I pac'd no further,*

E 4

Happy

* Dorice for farther.

Happy to catch some straggling sentiment,
And sing in simple stile of love, and murder.

'Till lur'd by wicked wits, indeed 'tis truth,
In luckless hour lifted beneath their banners,
To satire's thorny ways they led my youth,—
Evil communication spoils good manners.

Dear Doctor Langhorne, you were ever good,
Mild as young Nithisdale, or Lady Ellen,*
Can you excuse my frantic, furious mood,
'Gainst wisdom, and your sage decrees rebelling?

O soften then your angry colleagues' fury,†
My works, I fear, will quickly fall before 'em,
Alas! they'll hang me without judge or jury,
Or tomahawk, and scalp me in terrorem!

And you, great Kenrick, Britain's last sad hope,
Profesman, or Poet, Chymist, Critic, Play'r,
Whether in easy verse you rival Pope,
Or grace with dignity the critic chair,

Or

* Vide Owen of Carron, a Poem by the Doctor.

† Mr. Griffiths, &c. &c. &c.

Or float in speculation's sceptic round,
With Priestly's patent air ; or in a trice
Sink to the chaos of the dread profound,
With lies and treason, politicks and Price ;

Dropping with printer's tears, and author's gore,
See where he comes ! (I know his stars, his dashes)
O spare my works, they shall offend no more,—
Behold, I mourn in sack-cloth, and in ashes.

" Last, though not least in love," ye learned sages
Hight critical, who vent your secret labours
From nooks and lanes ; if in my desperate pages
I've treated you no better than your neighbours,

" Lift, lift, O lift !" and hear, while I proclaim
All that in jest, or sober serious sadness,
I e'er devis'd as touching your fair fame,
Was riotous rage, and frantic furious madness.*

This

* What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake ; I here proclaim was madness.

HAMLET.

This being granted ; to all christian people
 The fact is clear, and can appear no other,
 But that I shot my arrow o'er the steeple,
 And in its fatal flight have hurt my brother :*

Then seal my pardon, and from every danger
 May the kind Muses and Apollo guard ye,
 Though to your persons, to your worth no stranger,
 Thus prays a bard unequal to reward ye.

But O beware of libels : think, O think
 What ills await. The pillory's foul disgrace,
 The rabble's beastly shoutings, and the stink
 Of rotten eggs flow streaming down each learned face.

So when the splendor of your dawn is o'er,
 When they who took your judgments upon trust
 Begin to think, (who never thought before)
 Your pockets funk, your credit in the dust.

May

* Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

HAMLET.

May heaven in pity mitigate the blow,
That gives such merit to th' untimely bier,
And may your works be all forgiven below,
As truly as the world forgets them here.

VERSES FOR THE VASE AT BATH-EASTON.

S U B J E C T,

A D D R E S S to the C O M I C M U S E.

SWEET Parent of Laughter, Wit, Humour, and Fun,
 Sworn foe to Acrostic, Charade, and bad Pun,
 Come sportive THALIA, and help to describe
 The wonders of Bath, and its comical tribe:
 For should Heaven propitious bestow on me lungs
 Of steel, or of brass, and a thousand good tongues,
 With a voice louder, stronger, than that of old Stentor,
 To paint them without Thee I never should venture.

First, note our wise Magistrates, equally skill'd,
 Pen, trowel, or lancet, and syringe, to wield,
 Frame laws and directions, bleed, blister, and build,
 Put our minds and our bodies alike to the torture,
 And turn to a sceptre the pestle and mortar.*

Next

* The Corporation of Bath is almost entirely composed of Apothecaries.

Next mark this sweet City, so fashion'd to please,
 Where in summer we scorch, and in winter we freeze ;
 Where the old and the new town, like husband and wife,
 Though coupled together, are ever at strife ;
 Where dark lanes and passages happily meet,
 More intricate far than the lab'rynth of Crete,
 And choak up the entrance of every good street ;
 With a Circus and Crescent, so wisely combin'd
 To catch ev'ry tempest of snow, hail, or wind,
 That kindly indulgent oft give to our view
 Forms far more enchanting than Guido e'er drew.

Nor yet for its glories indebted alone
 To the happy arrangement of mortar and stone ;
 The Company sure, without flatt'ry may claim
 Some little applause, in extending her fame ;
 For ne'er were beheld yet such oddly mix'd crews,
 Lords, Pick-pockets, Sharpers, Dukes, Tailors, and Jews,
 Collection more strange than e'er met in the Ark,
 When monster met monster, and clash'd in the dark.
 But say, shall the Muse, with her dagger of lath,
 Strike only the follies, the whimsies of Bath ?

When now the terrors of the field are o'er,
 And military trophies are no more ;

When

When now the 'Squire, safe in paternal grounds,
 Alternate sleeps, or bellows with his hounds ;
 Though at the daring subject half afraid
 The Muse recoil : yet shall her debt be paid,
 Nor suffer modest worth to wither in the shade.

Say, ye who view'd the terrible campaign
 Of Warley, or Cox-heath, where none were slain,
 And they who fell, but fell to rise again,
 Can none remember ? Yes, I know all must,
 How fierce he combated whole clouds of dust,
 How brave he strode along the level plain,
 Scorch'd by the sun, and moisten'd by the rain,
 Arm'd for his country's good, his daring soul
 No fears could daunt, no dangers could controul,
 Calm and serene amid the varying noise
 Of cannon, trumpets, drums, old women, boys,
 With breast unmov'd he dar'd the war's alarms,
 Led his bold bands to desp'rate deeds in arms,
 And pleas'd the General's orders to perform,
 Smil'd at the tumult, and enjoy'd the storm.

Now why should I tell how the King was delighted,
 How the Col'nels kiss'd hands, how the Captains were
 knighted ?

How

How his Majesty graciously made the mob stare,
 And rode through the ranks with his royal wig bare,
 Like the modern old statue in Berkley's fam'd square.

Enough for me if luckier than my neighbours,
 One sprig of myrtle crown my three-hours' labours.
 She too perhaps, though every softer grace,
 Each winning charm of figure, or of face,
 Deck her fair form ; and teach that form to please,
 With modest dignity, and sprightly ease ;
 Yet haply will JEMIMA* not refuse
 The faithful homage of the motley Muse,
 But smile propitious on the sportive line
 Her eyes inspir'd ; and grant the Bard to twine
 His humble wreath around sweet Beauty's shrine.

* Lady Jemima Ashb—rnh—m.

T H E E N D.

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